Too tight. Carmen pulled at her shirt and pants. Either garment adhered to her skin like a layer of latex, despite seeming enormous when she’d held them up at first. So much for 6XL. The top barely acted like a bra for her tits, with the entirety of her under-boob on display. Her nipples were the only reason it didn’t snap up and over. As for her bottoms… they were trying.

Not that it really mattered what she wore. Skirts, dresses - even the enormous ones from the Victorian era - or trousers were all pointless. They were a token effort at modesty that only really emphasised how massive her butt was, assuming no one was gawking at her balls or cock, the latter of which required careful adjustments just so she could walk properly. Meaning she had one set stuffed under her ass, and the other two stacked up front. It still made walking far more awkward than it used to, but at least they weren’t swinging freely.

“You look great, stop fidgeting,” Rachel said.

“Looking great and being comfortable are very different,” Carmen sighed. They were in the back of a taxi, thoroughly squished against one another. With endowments like theirs, driving was out of the question. And taking the bus had the added risk of random orgies taking place. More so now that half the teenage populace in the area were futanari and just looking for a chance to fuck.

“I know, but squirming won’t change that.”

“Says you,” Carmen side-eyed the redhead, who had a hand down her shirt, moving one of her breasts around.

“That’s different. I’m just enjoying the awesome body my awesome girlfriend gave me.”

“Right. So, remind me, what’re we doing?”

“Arcade,” Rachel said, sliding her hand back out, then licking the milk she’d gotten on it, “Figured you might be getting tired of just fucking everyone all the time. And it’s a good way to take your mind off things.”

“Right, ‘things’.”

Like Stacy. How long had it been now? Three weeks? Carmen hadn’t heard a word from her in all that time. Not that she’d tried reaching out either.

“What makes you think I’m tired of sex anyway?” Carmen asked.

“It’s all we’ve been doing the last two weeks,” Rachel said.

“Your point?”

“It’s nice to change things up once in a while.”

“I suppose,” Carmen sighed.

The last time they were at the arcade was for their first date. Things were so different back then, to the point that it was difficult to even imagine. For starters, she didn’t have to duck under the entrance or remain slightly hunched as they walked between the various machines, nor did she constantly feel people brushing against her hips. More than a few boys and girls copped a feel as she bumped them.

Mary, Dakota, Ashley and Zoey were all gathered around a racing game, talking to an employee. It didn’t take Carmen long to guess what the grievance was.

“Look, you can’t just say we’re not allowed to play because we’re too curvy,” Mary said.

“Actually, I can,” the employee was calm, despite being faced by four of the most beautiful people Carmen knew, “Your, ahem, rears simply can’t fit the seat. Even if you could, it can only handle so much weight.”

“Did you just call us fat?” Mary demanded, eyes flicking to Ashley.

The attendant sighed. Now that Carmen was closer, she noticed it was a woman. Not much to look at, but then who was when they were forced to wear a dull black shirt that did nothing for their figure?

“No, ma’am,” she sounded annoyed now, “I’m saying your tits and asses and… other parts… are simply too big for this game. You’re welcome to anything else. Just not anything you have to sit or stand on.”

“But that means no DDR!” Dakota whined, tail and ears flattening.

“Afraid so. Now if you’ll excuse me,” the employee groaned, “Some brat is throwing a tantrum.”

“So, guess being sexier than reality has some drawbacks,” Rachel said, sashaying up to them, purposefully notching her hips such that she smacked every person and machine in her path.

“Carmen!” Mary cheered, “You gotta do something! It’s ridiculous that we can’t play what we want because we’re so hot.”

“Okay, Karen,” Rachel quipped, “It’s not a big deal. Plenty of other things we can play.”

Mary pouted.

“I’m not gonna use the book for that anyway,” Carmen said, “So… what do you wanna play first, Rachel?”

“Hmm, I feel like kicking some ass in Street Fighter. I know *all* the combos.”

Ten minute later, the redhead was sweating, while Carmen just leaned on the box, grinning at the furious look in her eyes, all because of Ashley. The plump girl blew on her fingertips like a cowboy on their gun.

“Another?”

Before Rachel could speak, Carmen stepped in, “Let me have a go.”

“But you’ve never played before. She’ll eat you alive, babe!”

“I was watching. And it’s just a game. I can handle it.” She’d fucked a sex goddess into submission, how hard could this be?

“This game is asinine,” Carmen said flatly after her twelfth consecutive loss, “One more.”

Ashley just shrugged, “I’ll go easy this time.” She’d said that every time before.

Even after twenty attempts, Carmen only crept an inch closer to victory. By then, she finally decided it was time to give up, though it still boggled her mind. How could she be so bad at something that seemed so simple?

They moved onto other game, this being a rhythm game that used a simplified keyboard. Carmen found greater success on it, though still fell far short when compared to any of her friends. Especially Mary.

“It’s all the sex,” the blonde said after thoroughly trouncing them all one after the other, “Ask anyone and they’ll tell you I’ve got hella awesome rhythm.”

“Yeah.” Ashley and Dakota both nodded, being more experienced than anyone there.

“Please don’t talk about sex. There are minors around,” the same employee from before said, seeming to appear from the ether, as they often did.

“Right… they have phones, tablets and you’re worried *we’re* a bad influence,” Mary said.

“Looking at you lot. Yes, very.”

Carmen watched her trudge away, clearly dreading her next interaction with any of the customers. Counter productive to be so miserable in a place meant for fun. Although there was that look in her eye whenever she snapped at someone for misusing a machine. There was affection for this place. Unless she was reading too deep into those glances.

Or perhaps she just wanted so desperately to have an excuse.

Even as they moved onto other games, laughed and cheered - Carmen even got a win, though it was by luck - she watched for that employee. A tag gave up her full name; Katy Blake. Kids wandered away from her when she approached, chased off by her stern gaze. She didn’t react to them, only sprayed down the controls their grimy hands had touched. Looking around, Carmen noticed there weren’t many workers around.

“Arcades aren’t the most popular these days,” Rachel said, then sighed wistfully, “Not like in Japan, they have the coolest shit over there.”

“So this place is gonna shut down?” Mary asked, pouting, “I remember coming here as a kid.”

“Same,” Ashley said.

Rachel looked to Carmen, “Got any ideas?” The implication was thinly veiled. Since they’d walked in, other patrons had wandered through, practically following them. As they say; sex sells. But this was a place meant for all ages. If she did something of that scale, she’d need to think it through.

“Not really.” She wasn’t interested in resurrecting a failing arcade. It held no nostalgia for her, nor was she dating the owner this time.

“It’d take a miracle to get this place back to what it was.” Everyone, even Zoey, almost leapt from their skin at Katy’s sudden appearance, “You gonna play games or just loiter?”

“We’re playing,” Mary groaned and sauntered away. Carmen glanced back at the employee.

“What?”

“Nothing. Just thinking.” The towering futa walked away.

“No wonder this place is going to shit. She’s a total downer,” Mary said, “Like, worse than you were Zoey.”

“Hey!”

“Well it was true. *Was*. You’re awesome now. Hey Carmen, maybe make her a super awesome horse futa Amazon too?”

Zoey arched a brow, “Or another animal.”

“Yeah, whatever. How about it?”

Carmen leaned against a box, thoroughly dwarfed by her enormous rump. The box laid open in a hand. Notebooks had become such tiny things, more comparable to a trinket, and the pencil might as well have been a strand of spaghetti. All eyes were on her, some hungry for what she’d do, others unconcerned, and Rachel grinning excitedly. Looking around, there was a very clear gimmick she could use.

“How about this…”

Not five minutes later, Dakota cheered her victory as Zoey hung her head in shame. How a legitimate giantess lost at basketball - where she could lean over and dunk them without effort - was baffling. Regardless, Dakota had taken the first win of their new contest. She skipped away, tail waving behind her, and sniffed out Katy’s location.

The attendant was chewing out some teens. They weren’t from Saint Puella, but they at least looked of age. Dakota licked her lips as she slid her jeans down, revealing the bulbous sheath that housed her dual cocks. Since her growth, Carmen had tweaked her body slightly, making it less cumbersome. It didn’t make it much easier to move, but it was enough that she wouldn’t constantly stumble. And made the big reveal even better.

“Hey, Katy, right?” Dakota asked as the pointed peaks of her members slid out.

“Yes?” She groaned, turning around. Her eyes shot down to the budding cocks. She sighed, “Whatever.” Without prompting, she pushed her own bottoms down, panties coming with them. Just as Carmen said, she was ready and waiting, strings of pussy juice snapping against her spreading thighs.

Dakota bit her lip as her shafts engorged even faster. They’d become more bestial over time, each now a deep, ruddy crimson and covered in tiny, fleshy bumps. Adding to the package, was her bulbous urethras, inspired by Carmen’s own. Two, long ropes of pre-cum announced the erections and splattered against Katy’s back. Her expression didn’t change, but a wash of fem-cum poured down her thighs.

Stroking the scalding lengths, Dakota nodded to a nearby cabinet. Katy propped herself against it and widened her stance, presenting her glistening pussy, which rapidly fattened as the enormous pricks approached.

“You huge futa are such a pain,” Katy said, despite the warmth creeping into her voice, “Now I’m gonna be stuck with this huge thing for the day.”

That gave the futa pause. All she knew was that Katy would offer her body for their needs, not it would change to support them. She supposed it was necessary, given the absurd sizes they all wielded. And she wasn’t even the biggest among them.

Dakota lined her peaks to the folds. They were cool compared to her members, with juices pouring off them, all but gushing from the plumped up hole they obscured. It winked at her, as if trying to suck her in from entire inches away. Katy jerked when their genitals met, followed by choked moans as Dakota ran the tips up and down between her fat labia. A gasp of pleasure finally escaped when one poked inside. It was barely a millimetre.

“Watch it,” Katy groaned, “Those things are hot.”

“I know. Just wait until you feel them in your womb.”

If that proclamation worried the employee, she didn’t let it show. Katy just braced herself, arms and legs flexing, and waited for Dakota to push inside. The others were waiting for their chance, so the futa ignored her desire to savour the experience and, pushing her two members as tight together as possible, thrust forward. No one could take that much cock and keep quiet. Katy was no exception.

“Oooh, fuuuuuuu-dge!” Katy drawled, just barely keeping the curse word from leaving her. She really was dedicated to keeping the place relatively family friendly, even with the futa swaying her hips, sawing two gigantic members in and out of her gushing cunt. Dakota fed a bit more with with every push, panting happily once she finally got close enough to grab onto the female’s hips.

Fangs bared, she dug her fingers in deep and pulled. Katy did the same, acting as a perfect means for Dakota to lunge forward and bury every inch of her dual pricks. They arched along the woman’s front, curving to avoid damaging the arcade machine, and stretched her flesh high over their heads. The two girls Katy was chewing out stood in awe. And, Dakota found with a quick sniff, arousal.

She looked them in the eye as she reared back to deliver a brutal thrust. Her balls swung from the force and nearly knocked Katy to the ground. They bloated faster the longer she spent buried inside, until they no longer swayed with her thrusts, instead dragging on the ground and pushing her legs apart. Dakota let her sounds of pleasure flow freely, a stark contrast to Katy’s restrained grunts. Fortunately, her pussy juice made up for the lack of noise.

The two onlookers didn’t remain idle for long. Dakota knew they’d approach before long. Having canine aspects extended to her scent, designed to be so potent that it’d affect humans, especially those ripe for breeding. As these two were.

No one said a word. Dakota kept pounding away, even as the two crouched down, a hand between their legs as they leaned toward her immense scrotum. Its skin was an even darker shade than the rest of her skin, covered in angry veins. Their lips were on her, tongues soon after, slurping and kissing all over. All the noises mixed with the wet, viscous sounds coming from Katy’s stretched out cunt and their own fingering.

With such attention focused on her, Dakota wouldn’t last long. She let her instincts take the reigns and fucked Katy harder, snarling like a wild beast, yet the sounds only made the employee squeeze her tighter. The curve of the cocks stretching through her slowly lost definition as pre-cum poured out by the litre.

“Hope you’re prepared for this,” Dakota growled. She bent over to grab Katy’s breasts through her now stretched out work shirt, using this to pant in her ear. The employee glanced at her through bleary eyes, cheeks flushed a deep ruby, “Because I’m dumping every drop from my balls straight into your baby maker.”

“F-fine!” Katy mewled, “Just get it over with.”

Dakota gladly accepted the invite and launched forward. The girls at her balls moaned in tandem with her, despite not being fucked themselves, and even cried out as Dakota howled. In under a second, the heat of ecstasy reached a boiling point in her belly, then spread throughout her body. All the way from the top of her head down to her toes. That inferno raced up her cocks until it couldn’t be contained any longer.

And yet Katy didn’t swell up into a blimp. She still bloated, the definition of Dakota’s cocks vanishing around the base of her womb, yet it was only mere inches, rather than the feet she expected. Even so, her output was so incredible, the employee’s gut pushed against the cabinet and tilted it.

“Watch the machines,” Katy grunted and pushed back, freeing up some space that was immediately filled by another rush of jizz.

Like her balls knew this wasn’t a full breeding session, they deflated much faster than normal, shrinking away from the two girls. Likewise, her knots were only partly inflated, just enough to ensure her seed remained where it belonged. Dakota felt up the cum bump she’d made, confused by its size, yet no less enjoying how taut the skin had become. Packed to the brim with her sperm.

“That was nice,” Dakota said when the dregs of her orgasm pumped out. Her knots remained inflated, though not enough to prevent her pulling out, even if that itself was a chore. She backed away, balls back to a manageable state, and groaned when she let out a final spurt, filling Katy’s pussy to overflowing. That was the only cum that leaked out.

Not that it got far. The two girls caught one whiff of it and descended upon the attendant’s pussy like vultures, slurping up every thick drop. Both had to stop when their mouths got too full, the impregnated goo much too thick for them to swallow without thoroughly chewing. Dakota committed the image to her mind as she pulled up her pants, cocks retreating to their sheath, and sauntered back to her friends with a smug grin.

“What exactly did you do to her?” Dakota asked. The group watched Katy try and gather her composure. It was impossible after such a fucking. At best, she managed to give herself some modesty, even if her pants might as well have been painted on with such a voluptuous pussy. Her belly remained swollen, though she only looked full-term.

“Made sure she’s not completely useless for you all,” Carmen said, “You each have a different effect on her. Though the condensed womb is permanent. I don’t want her inflating so big she wrecks the place.”

“That’s fair. Glad my girls haven’t suddenly dropped off in production.”

“Right, next game!” Mary declared, her mini-skirt and custom thong struggling with her numerous members. Ashley and Zoey weren’t much better, their shirts and bottoms straining respectively.

Mary chose a rhythm game, certain she would take the win. Alas, she underestimated the other’s libidos. While Ashley fell victim to a fumble, Zoey’s concentration was otherworldly. All sound fell away from her world, leaving only the screen and her fingers, tapping furiously in time with the beat. Having already been denied once, she refused to be defeated. Mary just didn’t have the stamina to keep up.

“This is such bullshit!” The blonde pouted, sweat drooling down her face and into her cleavage.

“You picked the game,” Zoey said and waved offhandedly, taking longer strides as her body shifted. Clothes tore all over her body, particularly her shorts. At the end of her transformation, they were little more than threads, stretched flush against her immense musculature and endowments. Gasps rang out as she walked through the arcade.

Or walked was too soft a word. Hunched over and eyes seeing past anyone that wasn’t her target, it was more appropriate to say that Zoey stalked the halls. Carmen and the others followed close behind, eager to see what she’d do.

It didn’t take long for the equine to find her prey. Strange to say anything resembling a horse had prey, but there was no better way to describe Zoey’s single-minded focus, nor how she grabbed Katy once in reach. To her credit, the employee didn’t react beyond a startled gasp when two massive hands wrapped around her torso. She noticed Zoey’s semi-erection and just sighed.

“Another one. Get on with it.”

Katy’s composure didn’t last long. Zoey just held her in place as the behemoth shaft grew into its full majesty. At first obscured by its enormity, Katy didn’t notice the second member of equal mass, but her mouth fell open upon seeing it. Her already juicy cunt almost doubled in size, all but devouring her pants if not for the other expansion taking place. It only became obvious when Zoey tore away the last shreds and revealed an equally bloated asshole.

“That’s hot,” Ashley said.

“So hot,” Mary and Dakota agreed, especially when it fattened enough to separate her ass cheeks, which had followed suit and plumped up to match any of the group.

“Why didn’t I expect that?” Rachel chuckled.

“I’ve gotta keep some things up my sleeves,” Carmen said, eyes fixed upon the ensuing debauchery.

Zoey didn’t waste time. She rarely did. Once her masts were at full attention, she lifted the employee like a doll and uttered a single command, “Climb.” Katy did so. Even if she weren’t compelled by the book to take care of anyone’s sexual needs, Zoey’s voice offered no room for debate.

And so the human climbed the cock a good three feet taller than her, and several times her weight. At the peak, she sat down on the flare tip, forced to spread her legs almost parallel to accommodate it. Her calm had completely abandoned her at that point, faced with guaranteed destruction for any holes Zoey laid claim to.

“Are you afraid of them?” Zoey asked, stretching to grab onto the human’s legs. She used them to manoeuvre Katy to straddle both members, one pressing against her newly engorged anus, and the other against her somehow undersized cunt.

“Yes!” Katy yelped, though not from the fear she claimed to feel. There was no mistaking the huskiness in her voice, even if there weren’t thick trails of fem-cum streaming down Zoey’s shafts.

“No, you’re not,” the futa said, not fooled for a second, “You want me to ruin your body. Claim it for my own. Mark you with my seed on such a level that the whole world will know you’re mine.”

Katy said nothing. An impressive feat, given the excruciating bliss teasing her, and the mind-altering musk pouring off Zoey’s beastly form. Even more shocking, was her mostly silent moan as Zoey yanked her down, piercing both holes at once. With holes so much larger than before, and litres upon litres of viscous dick-slime gushing out, anyone might’ve expected her to slide in without issue. Those people underestimate Zoey’s sheer size.

The first pull gave little results. Her enormous flares just flattened Katy’s bloated holes, pussy squelching as she squirted from the external pressure alone, which kept mounting as she was pulled. A faint creaking came from her joints as they were tested beyond possibility.

“Won’t fit, won’t fit, can’t fit it in, won’t work,” Katy mumbled, whole body slack at that point. Then her eyes went wide, as her back was forced upright with two titanic pussy-breakers stretching her into little more than a pocket pussy for the giant futa. Inexorably, Zoey coaxed her lower, until the woman’s shoulders were in ranger. The futa latched on and yanked.

Everyone winced and moaned at the sharp crack of flesh clashing against Zoey’s chiselled abs. Katy’s doughnut anus was pressed flat against her, cheeks not far behind, while her vulva quivered and swelled with lust. Fresh spurts of milky fem-cum erupted around the giant member, yet it was obviously just a small portion as Zoey lifted her, dragging several more bursts out with it. A huge puddle formed and grew when the futa tightened her grip, then lunged.

Zoey sighed and quickly found her mind-breaking rhythm. Howls of bliss escaped Katy. Or perhaps that was just how her breath escaped as the giant glans pushed past her lungs to rise several feet overhead.

“I can feel your heartbeat,” Zoey groaned into her ear, not even panting yet, despite the raw power behind every thrust, “I’m not just fucking your ass and pussy. I’m fucking *you*.”

“Just… get… over with!” Katy grunted, barely getting the words out between thrusts.

Zoey smirked and widened her stance, balls throbbing as the fleshy sleeves wrapped around her cocks massaged her lengths. She moved her grip to Katy’s chest, massive fingers sinking into her decent bust, and stabbed forward. It wasn’t the same as her earlier thrusts. Those were powerful, but measured. These were wild. She didn’t bother with tempo or any semblance of concern for her surroundings as her balls flew far and wide, including into nearby arcade cabinets.

“Watch the machines!” Katy howled. Her words held no power when her voice peaked in a brutal orgasm, the kind that had her toes curling until they nearly popped from their sockets, and robbed her of any and all higher perception.

This did nothing to slow Zoey. If anything, she ramped up as her muscles adjusted to the harsher usage. Their flesh clapped together with deafening force. Sweat flew off Katy’s body as she shot up and down no less than five feet at a time. The bulges straining her torso swelled thicker and, though easily missed, small bumps rose up their undersides as pre-cum gushed out. A distinct paunch formed at the base of her womb where gallons of dick-slime gathered.

Fortunately, Zoey had no intention of dragging it out any longer. Her friends were still waiting for their turn. And besides, she didn’t want to break this bitch. Sure, it was fun to just fuck some stuck up female in public without consequence, however she wasn’t the best lay either. If given the chance, she must rather fuck Carmen, or one of her personal broodmares back home. Zoey took a deep breath, flooding her sinuses with the stench of a bitch in heat, then pushed her body to its limits.

Carmen watched in partial envy as her equine friend let loose. The others, barring Dakota, looked on with similar expressions as Zoey reached her climax. Even compared to the canine futa’s, it was loud. The gurgling of semen in her balls as they churned up and increasingly thicker load, before it squelched through her urethra with sound like clogged up pipes slowly being emptied. Zoey held her cocksleeve tight, delivering short jabs throughout the delivery, until her load finally reached the precipice and inundated the womb and stomach. It only took another second before an ocean of thick cock-sludge erupted from Katy’s mouth.

“Thanks for your work,” Zoey said and wrung the last drops from her cocks onto the blimp-like body. Only half of her load remained inside, the rest having shot directly from the human’s mouth, with the rest sealed tight inside her uterus. She tugged her clothes back on and went back to her friends.

“Alright,” Mary cracked her knuckles, then her neck, short-shorts squirming with her desire, “I’m not losing this time.”

“Me neither,” Ashley said, shooting her blonde girlfriend a deep glare, “Let’s do this.”

They agreed on what equivalated to a game of rock-paper-scissors. Unfortunately, they knew each other inside and out, which meant draw after draw, until they finally came to a compromise; they’d fuck her at the same time. Carmen just shrugged when they looked to her confirmation.

“Hey! Katy, right?” Mary asked when she and her partner approached the still very bloated worker.

“Ugh, now it’s you?” Katy sighed, even as she spread her legs and lifted her skirt, revealing that she’d forewent underwear after Zoey’s turn.

“And me,” Ashley said, already unbuttoning her pants and top. The latter flew open as her nipples hardened, aided by Katy’s overt lust for them, even if she tried playing that this was just par for the course. The woman gasped and nearly fell as a massive weight pulled on her front.

“Of course you’d be into this stuff,” she grumbled, clinging to a nearby cabinet to keep her footing. An impressive feat considering her breasts had not longer tripled in size, but in number, and kept growing. A moan slipped out when a pair of Mary’s cocks slithered under her shirt, winding between the sextet of tits. They burst into the open as Katy’s shirt gave up on modesty.

The futanari smirked at one another. Ashley’s balls and breasts visibly swelled from her excitement, and would continue to do so until all of her cocks came together. They had Katy turn around to face them, tentacles coiling around her tits and holding them aloft, which pushed her fattening nipples even further out. Clear rivulets flowed down each of her breasts, confirming their expectations.

Ashley stepped in. Her dick-nipples were rigid, three feet each, and eagerly throbbed against their feminine counterparts. Likewise, the main shaft, twice as large, nestled between the enormous folds between Katy’s legs, reaching back to rub against her doughnut asshole too. The employee bit her lip, trying to hold in her excitement, even as her body betrayed her.

“I wonder if your body changes exactly how I like,” the futa mused and swayed, grinding her fat members all over Katy’s most sensitive parts. Ashley reached up to grab a pair of tits, fingers stroking Mary’s tentacles at the same time, and pushed her fingers into the nipples, “Hmm, so juicy. It’s true, you’re ready to go right away. But let’s see if you’ve got the whole package here.”

With that, she folded her fingers into a cone and pushed. Katy yelled as her nipples stretched impossibly far. And beyond. Ashley kept inching deeper, plump forearms sinking in, until she ripped a guttural cry from the hyper-sexed woman.

“Wombs in your tits. Love it.”

“I’m on birth control,” Katy said, like that would make a difference. She knew it too, just in the way she tracked Ashley’s continuously swelling bust, each breast filling with more and more semen. On top of that, Zoey and Dakota’s loads were so thick, teeming with enough sperm to knock up the whole city a dozen times over. Then there was Mary, who made her presence known as she clapped both hands on her gaping anus.

“I fucking love this. It’s so squishy and,” she pushed the sides together, creating a grimace-inducing squelch from the left over jizz, “Musical.”

“That won’t help,” Ashley reiterated, lightly scratching at the cervix, “We’re going to knock you up today. I hope you guys have maternal leave.”

Katy groaned, “Worker shortage. Can’t take time off. And… people like… pregnant girls.”

“That they do,” Mary chirped and continued groping the girl’s juicy rear, “I can’t wait anymore. Let’s do this!”

Neither of the other two had further warning as Mary’s tentacles moved in full force. The two already at Katy’s tits found a nipple each and shoved in. While nowhere near the girth of her friends, they still offered plenty of stretch for the teats, with another pair moving on the only free set. Katy moaned each time, but the noise was cut off by another tendril driving into her mouth. Groups of three shoved into her pussy and ass respectively, while the last one constricted Katy’s newly developed clit.

“That’s not all,” Mary huffed and curled the same tendril to penetrate the attendant’s urethra, forcing an even lewder moan.

“Naughty,” Ashley said, yanking her hands free. She reached past Katy, who was little more than an outlet for them now, and grabbed Mary’s chin, staring deep into her eyes, “Someone will need to be punished later.”

“Yes please,” Mary said and angled her head to suck on each finger at a time, cleaning them of Katy’s nipple-pussy juice.

“Such a slut.”

“Your slut.”

“Carmen’s slut,” Ashley corrected.

“Everyone is her slut,” Mary said and willed her cocks to surge through their respective holes.

Winding lengths bulged through Katy’s abdomen and throat. Similar shapes appeared through her tits as they were filled with more and more cock-flesh. Within a minute penetration, the tendrils in her ass and mouth met in the middle, adding their own mass to the writhing abomination that had become her torso. And in the middle of that, Ashley lined up her own members. She used Mary to pull herself forward, all three members driving home with a single thrust, and kissed the blonde at the same time. Between them, Katy gave a muffled howl of ecstasy.

Carmen watched it all with her own pants down. All three of her cocks were semi-erect, gradually filling out as Rachel, Dakota and Zoey all worshipped them, sucking on individual nodules and spines as they tried bringing her to full erection. Yet something irked her. A subtle pressure in the back of her mind, like a headache that wouldn’t go away. Only this one pestered her to no end.

The others just thought she was being coy with them. It was probably nothing, just another side effect of her supposed union with the Futa Note. From writing Katy’s name? Seemed plausible.

She pushed it aside and focused on the delicious sensations parading up and down her lengths. Especially the middle, being far more endowed with spines and bumps than the others. Rachel attacked them with pinpoint accuracy, moving between them like a futa on a mission, green eyes never straying from Carmen’s. She hummed in pleasure when a hand ruffled her hair.

A minute later, all three backed away and panted up at her. Three, massive throbbing shadows darkened their faces, though all of their eyes were bright, pupils ringed with glowing hearts that made one thing clear; they were ready for her.

“Well? Positions people,” Carmen said and clapped her hands. Two of them braced against the nearest machines and arched their asses for her, legs spread to show off their own massive balls. Rachel, however, had to climb on Zoey’s ass to be at the right level. The horse-futa was more than capable of handling her weight, and welcomed the outpouring of pre-cum in her hair. Dakota noticed this and quickly changed places, press her rump up against Zoey’s snatch.

“So heavy,” the canine-futa said, referring to the pair of cocks resting on her back.

Carmen just smirked and lined up her members accordingly. When Mary and Ashley were done, they’d come and join in, giving her all the pleasures she’d discovered thus far.

Then her phone rang.

At first, she thought to ignore it, however that irksome presence rushed to the forefront of her mind. She sighed and stepped away, “One moment.” It was an unknown number.

“Yes?”

“Carmen Robins?”

“Speaking.”

“Could you come to Madoka Hospital right away?”

“Why?”

“Your sister has been brought in. She’s in the ER right now. It… it’s serious.”

Carmen had never lost an erection so fast. Nor had she felt a chill that would make the Arctic feel scalding. Then a similar flame replaced it.

“Was there a woman with implants with her?” Carmen asked.

“Yes, why?”

“On my way.”

Gretchen would pray for death by the time Carmen arrived.